

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XVIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1841.

NUMBER 2.

POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY.



This Academy is built of brick, of ample dimensions to accommodate seventy-five boarders, and arranged expressly for a female boarding school. It is situated on Cannon-street, in one of the most favorable locations in the village, being central, yet retired, pleasant and healthful. The situation of Poughkeepsie, well known as one of the most beautiful and interesting villages in the United States; its facility of communication with every part of the country, and especially with places on the Hudson river, render the location one of the best in the State.

The course of instruction pursued in this academy is adopted with a special view to its practical utility to the business in life, while all requisite attention is given to those branches usually termed ornamental. The mode of instruction, as far as the subjects will allow, is analytical, and intended to exercise the reflecting and reasoning faculties, and thus strengthen and elevate the mind. Competent and experienced teachers will instruct in the various branches of Mathematics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Philosophy, French, Drawing, &c.

The Principals are the Rev. HORACE GALPIN and Lady. Of Mr. Galpin the Trustees deem it necessary only to say that they have received the fullest and most satisfactory testimonials of his qualifications and peculiar fitness to preside over an institution of this character. His Lady has long been advantageously known as connected with some of the best female seminaries in the city of New-York. Female assistants are also employed to discharge efficiently all duties

devolving upon them. The course of studies is designed to be useful, as well as practical and ornamental; and to embrace all the branches of a complete and approved system of female education, as taught in the first institutions in the United States. The discipline adopted is believed to be such as must insure to diligent, docile pupils, the acquirement of superior mental and moral attainments.

The Academic year is divided into two terms, of twenty-two weeks each. The Summer Term commences on the first Wednesday in May, the Winter Term on the first Wednesday in November.

Select Tales.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL OF THE PONT-DES-ARTS.

BY WILHELM HAUFF.

[Continued]

XI.

The next morning, when Froben came down to the drawing room he found himself alone. His host had ridden out to view the estate, and his lady was busied with household affairs. He took up carelessly the cards that lay on the mantle. Among them was his friend's wedding-card, on which he saw "Baron Von Faldner and Josephine Van Tannensee."

The name surprised him. It was the very name of the Swiss officer who had figured in Don Pedro's story. He had hardly time to col-

lect his thoughts, disturbed by this coincidence, when Josephine appeared. She apologized for her husband's absence, adding, "his life is always a laborious and anxious one; but I really believe he is so accustomed to a press of business, that he would not be contented without it."

"Is there more than usual to be attended to on the estate?"

"No, he is always so; he is never at rest; and he spends the whole day, from morning to night, among his workmen."

"You must often feel solitary, I should suppose, during his absence."

"Solitary?" she repeated, and her voice trembled a little, "no—memory is the companion of those who are alone; and besides," she added with an effort at a smile, "in so large an establishment as ours, there are a thousand things to be attended to—so that I do not, *must* not feel lonesome."

The slight accent of sorrow with which she spoke impressed Froben deeply; and he paused awhile before he answered. "Women nowadays, possess talents and acquisitions which can be developed in society alone. And I have often thought how unhappy one of your sex would be, supposing her to possess a cultivated mind, a taste for reading and intellectual society, if she finds no kindred spirit in her domestic circle, and yet is confined to it."

Josephine blushed, and our hero could not but feel that he had unconsciously reminded her of her own situation. To give the conversation a more general character, she replied, "We country ladies, of course, enjoy such pleasures less frequently, but still we are not so lonely as you might suppose; we visit each other often—only see what a pile of cards there is on the mantle there."

"That reminds me," said Froben, "that I was guilty of a petty larceny just now;" and he produced the wedding-card. "Will you believe it, that I did not know of my friend's marriage till last night? The card first informed me of your name. It is Tannensee, I find."

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "and I was no loser in exchanging so insignificant a name for the noble one of Faldner."

"If your father was, as I suppose, Colonel Von Tannensee, you cannot call it insignificant."

She blushed. "My dear father! They tell me the Emperor esteemed him a gallant officer, and he died a general. I never knew him."

"Was he not a Swiss?"

She looked at him with some surprise. "If I am not mistaken, my mother told me he was."

"And was not your mother named Laura, and of a Spanish family?" She turned pale. "Laura was her name, but—what do you know about her? Spanish! no, she spoke German, and was of that nation."

To account for this curiosity, Froben told the

story of his meeting with Don Pedro, and his firm belief that she was the daughter of that Laura, whom the Spaniard had loved so warmly. He enlarged on the rank and wealth of her newly found relative, but Josephine betrayed no pleasure at the discovery; on the contrary, she leaned her head on her hand and burst into tears.

"What have I done!" cried he in despair. "It was all my folly, a mere conjecture only. Your relatives can decide that better, I—"

"Alas! it is my evil fate to have no kindred," said she. "Happy are they who can look back to a long line of honorable ancestors; who have kind and good relatives endeared to them by the ties of blood. I was the only child, and I have always lived among strangers. My father, I heard, quarrelled with his relations in Switzerland, because they wanted him to marry a rich heiress at home; and when my mother died there was not a soul in the world to whom I could say, have pity on me."

Froben was anxious, as well as affected at her grief. "Was not your mother's name Tortosi?" he asked.

"She was called Laura Von Torthheim."

"The names are the same; and I believe you will now have no cause to complain of being alone in the world. One kinsman at least you have, and one of the most excellent of men. Faldner will be delighted when he hears of our discovery."

Her tears began to flow afresh. "You do not know my husband," she replied, "You have no idea how suspicious he is. Every thing must go on regularly and soberly; and he detests any thing like a surprise, or a change, from the very bottom of his soul. I had to regard it as a favor," she added bitterly, "as a favor, that a man of such an ancient family would make me his wife, and be satisfied with the few papers I had to show my birth. He tells me every day that he might have married into the first houses—or else, that my family is only newly ennobled—that he knows nothing about my mother and that some of the Tannesees even turned merchants."

It was plain that she had married from poverty, not choice, and that her brutal husband treated her with rudeness and cruelty. Faldner's return to dinner cut short the conversation.

XII.

His wife came forward to meet him, but he passed hastily by her. "Is not it enough to drive a man mad, Froben," were his first words. "I have spent a fortune in getting a steam-engine from England, and it won't work at all something has been left out or lost. I brought down an engineer from Mentz to put it up. I showed him the drawings. There is the whole story, all lettered and numbered, and yet the bungler cannot put it up!"

Faldner ate little, but drank freely; and his displeasure gradually gave way to boisterous mirth. At the close of the meal Josephine gathered courage and addressed him. "I had a singular conversation with our guest this morning which has led to the discovery of a kinsman of mine." Froben repeated the story, not without some anxiety as to the effect it would produce; but contrary to his expectation, the Baron seemed delighted. "'Tis as clear as day!" he cried:

"Torthheim and Tortosi—all the same thing. And you say the old chap is rich, my dear fellow? rich, and a bachelor, and always talking about his Laura! Zounds! Josephine, there's a chance for lots of piastres!"

Josephine was not much pleased, perhaps, at his coarse way of expressing himself; but she answered calmly. "This will account for the snatches of Spanish songs that always floated in my mind, also for my having been brought up a Catholic." With these words she retired.

"Write to the old man, will you, Froben? and tell him you have found his Laura's daughter. I always told Countess Landstern that, even though my wife had nothing, I was sure she would bring luck to the house. How much do you suppose the Don will put up?"

Froben changed color. "How should I know? Do you suppose I asked him? But what were you saying about Countess Landstern?"

"Oh, it was there I met my wife. You know I'm a practical man. I might have married the richest girl in the country; but I said to myself, All is not gold that glitters. Josephine was a kind of companion to the Countess. She was busy all day long, making tea, sewing, overseeing the servants, watering flowers, and every thing. I thought she would make a good housekeeper, and though I could not find out much about her family, I married her."

"And you are as happy as the day is long."

"Why, so so: she has nothing of a practical turn; but I look up all her books, and make her keep house. But come, let us look at my unlucky steam-engine."

As the gentlemen were mounting their horses Froben saw Josephine at a window waving her handkerchief. "The Baroness is saluting you," he said; but his host only laughed, and rode on. "Why, do you support her in all that sentimental folly, so that we must kiss and flourish handkerchiefs whenever I am going away for a few hours? It is enough to spoil any woman; and whenever you marry, do as I do. You never say where you are going. Your horse is brought round. 'Where are you going, dear?' she asks two or three times. You say nothing, but put on your gloves. 'How can you go away and leave me here all alone?' she asks, and lays her hand on your shoulder. You pick up your whip and say, 'I am going to so-and-so, there is something to be done to-day. Adieu; and if I don't come back by supper time, don't wait for me.' She is shocked—you whistle—she goes to the window and flourishes her handkerchief—you ride straight on, and take no notice of her. That makes a woman respect you. After two or three such scenes my wife gave up asking me any questions, I assure you!"

XIII.

The engineer was at work, but had made no progress. Faldner grew violent, and called him a bungler and a rogue. The man's face was crimson with resentment, but he suppressed it. "I will engage to put any machine in order, but I must have my own way about it, and in this case,"

"I've been helping you a little, and that I suppose has put you out! I have seen half a dozen such machines, and I know perfectly well

the large wheels work on the cylinder, and the small ones above!"

"This is of another pattern, however, as the drawings show."

"What do I care for drawings. I'm deceived all round, cheated by every body!"

Froben meanwhile had been examining the drawings carefully, and said at last, "I will lay a bet that it is all as it should be. Faldner here go with I, and this connects the stamping-mill with the machine."

"To be sure it does!" cried the engineer triumphantly. "This makes the whole thing easy." The Baron laughed to conceal his chagrin from his friend, expressing little faith in his success. He was deceived, however, for in a very short time the machine was put up and at work.

This restored him to good humor, and he gave a little entertainment in honor of his success. Cheerful and good humored as he seemed, it did not escape Froben that he persecuted his wife incessantly. She did every thing wrong, and he drove her without remorse from the kitchen to the parlor and back again. His visitors were delighted with her grace and beauty, and the old ladies were loud in their praises of her good housewifery. "See now," the Baron whispered to his friend, "what wonders good discipline will do! She has got along very well to-day, and with a little help from me, of course. But she'll mend, she'll mend." The general mirth and the good wine elevated his spirits still higher, and it was soon high time to leave the table, as he and some of his friends were indulging in some excellent jokes, which were rather too broad for the delicate ears of the ladies. Sport of every kind was now the order of the day, and even the old-fashioned game of forfeits was tolerated. It chanced to be Froben's turn to redeem his favor, and Josephine, who fixed the forfeits, decided that he should tell some *true* passage in his life. The choice was loudly applauded, most of all by Faldner, and when he saw Froben hesitate, he cried, "Come, begin! or I will for you, and tell your piquant adventure with the beggar-girl of the *Pont-des-Arts*."

Froben blushed and looked displeased, but the company, who suspected that some good jest was at the bottom of the allusion, cried, "The story! the story of the *Pont-des-Arts*!" and he made up his mind to tell it, chiefly to avoid any indiscretion on the part of his host, who was warmed with wine. Faldner promised, if the narrator departed from the truth in any respect to bring him back to it, as he was himself a witness of the adventure.

XIV.

"I do not know," began Froben, "whether you are aware that some years ago your friend Faldner and I traveled together, and lived in Paris, in the same house. Our studies were the same—we visited the same circles—in a word, we were inseparable. We had a mutual friend, Doctor M——, a fellow-countryman, who lived in the *Rue Teranne*, which, as you know, lies on the left bank of the Seine, and leads into the *Rue Dominique*. Our regular evening walk was through the Champs Elysees, across to the Faubourg St. Germain, and thence to our

friend's, where we often sat till very late, chatting about Germany, France, and what not. We lived, I ought to add, in the *Place des Victoires*, a good way off from the *Rue Teranne*, and we generally came home by the *Pont-des-Arts*, so as to cross the Louvre, and save time. One night—it was after eleven—it had rained a little, and the wind blew chilly and keen, especially along the river. We were going from Quai Malaquois across the Pont-des-Arts. The bridge is only for foot passengers, and of course at that time of night every thing was quite still around it. We walked across in silence, wrapping our cloaks around us; and I was just hurrying down the steps on the other side, when I saw an extraordinary sight. A tall, slim female stood leaning against the side of the bridge. A little black hat was tied close before her face, which was still more completely hidden by a green veil; she wore a black silk cloak, and the wind betrayed a delicate, youthful figure; a little hand holding a plate peeped out of the cloak. In front stood a little lantern, whose flickering light showed a small neat foot. There is no place, perhaps, where the contrast between the greatest splendor and the lowest depths of misery is as striking as in Paris; but still you meet few beggars. They seldom attack you forwardly, and you never find them follow you up or persecute you with their demand. A blind old man sometimes sits or kneels at the corner of the street, holding out his hand quietly, and leaves it to the passer-by to notice his look of entreaty or not. The most affecting of all, as I thought, were the shame-faced ones, who stand motionless, almost breathless, in a corner, with their faces covered, and a taper burning before them. Many of my acquaintances assured me that they were generally people of the better class, who had become so much reduced that they must either go to labor, or if they were ashamed, or unable to work for their daily bread, chose this last resource before ending their lives and sorrows in the Seine. The female figure at the bridge which enchaind my attention was of this class. I eyed her more closely; her limbs seemed to tremble with the cold even more than the flickering light in her lantern; but she was silent, and let her sorrow and the cold night-wind speak for her. I felt in my pockets, but I had no small change, and not even a single franc. I turned to Faldner and asked him to lend me some; but he was out of temper, as it seemed, at my keeping him waiting in the cold; and he called to me in German, 'Leave the beggar alone, and come home to bed, I'm almost frozen!' 'Give me a couple of sous, my dear fellow,' I said, but he pulled me by the cloak and tried to drag me away. The veiled figure before me spoke in a trembling but sweet-toned voice, and to our surprise, in good German, 'Oh, gentlemen, have pity on me!' The tone and the language made such an impression on me, that I again asked him for some money: he laughed—'Very well, there is a couple of francs,' said he, 'try your luck with the girl if you choose, but let me go to sleep.' He gave me the money and walked away. I was really confused, for she must have heard what Faldner said: and the unhappy are those that I should not wish to insult, I drew nearer to her irreso-

lutely. 'My girl,' I said, 'you have chosen a poor stand, there will be few people coming by here to-night.' She did not answer aloud, but whispered after a while, 'may those few have pity on the unfortunate?' This answer surprised me, it was so natural, yet so apt. Her graceful attitude and the tone of her voice indicated a person of education. 'We are fellow countrymen,' I said, 'let me ask if I cannot do something more for you than this mere passing assistance.' 'We are very poor,' she answered, and this time more boldly, 'and my mother is sick and has no one to help her.' Without reflection, and led only by the vague feeling that attracted me to her, I said, 'Show me where she is.' She was silent, and seemed embarrassed. 'You must consider this as my honest wish to aid you, if I can,' I said. 'Come, then, sir,' she rejoined, as she picked up her lantern, blew it out, and hid it and the plate under her cloak."

xv.

"What," cried the Baron, bursting into a laugh, as Froben seemed to pause, "do you mean to stop here? Do you want to deceive me now, as you tried to then? Thus far, ladies and gentlemen, he has spoken the exact historical truth. He supposed, probably, that I was far away, but I was standing some two paces off from this moving, good Samaritan dialogue, under the portal of the Louvre, and witnessed the whole affair: whether the conversation is truly reported or not I cannot say, for the confounded wind made me lose it; but I saw the damsel blow out her lantern, and go back with him over the bridge. The night was so cold that I did not follow up his adventure; but, after all, I will bet that he did not find mamma sick, or anything of the kind; but the fair dame was only singing the old syren song to a new tune." He laughed loudly at his own wit, and the men joined him; the ladies looked down, and Josephine seemed displeased, both at her husband's remarks and her guest's strange story: for her fingers trembled so that she could hardly hold her plate; and she eyed the narrator with a look which he felt himself bound to interpret in a way little honorable to himself: "I cannot allow my friend here," he continued in a loud voice that silenced the company, "to put such an interpretation on my conduct: allow me therefore to proceed, and by my life"—and as he spoke his color grew deeper and his eyes brightened, "I will tell you nothing but the truth."

"The girl crossed the bridge I had just passed over. I had time enough to look at her, as I walked silently by her side, or rather behind her. Her figure, so far as I could see for her cloak, and more particularly her voice, were quite youthful. Her gait was quick, but easy. I offered her my arm, but she would not take it. At the corner of the bridge she turned into the *Rue Mazarin*. 'Has your mother been sick long?' I asked her, stepping up alongside, and trying to get a peep at her face. 'For two years,' she answered with a deep sigh, 'but for a week past she has been much worse.' 'Have you been there often before now?' 'Where?' she asked. 'On the bridge.' 'This is the first time,' was her answer. 'You did not choose a good place then: the other avenues are more

frequented.' I was sorry, even while saying so, for I felt that it must hurt her deeply, and she whispered and sobbed in reply, 'I am a stranger here, and—I was ashamed to go into the crowd.' How great must be the misery, I said to myself, that can force such a creature to ask alms! It is true, some such thoughts as Faldner had expressed occurred to me now and then, but I set myself against them, they were too unnatural. If she really belonged to that wretched class of women, why should she hide her features, and stand in such a lonely place? Why should she take such care to conceal a figure, which, so far as I could judge from a few hasty glimpses, was a fine one? No, it could be nothing but real wretchedness, and that shame of unmerited poverty which makes it so touching. 'Has your mother a physician?' I asked, after a while. 'She had, but when we got to be too poor to buy medicines, he wanted to send her to the *Hospital des Incurables*, and I could not bear that. Oh heaven! my dear mother in a hospital!' She wept at this, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes; as the plate and lantern which she held in the other hand prevented her from keeping her cloak close folded, the wind blew it aside, and I saw that I was not mistaken; her figure was tall and graceful, her dress plain; but, as far as I could notice, perfectly neat. She caught at her cloak, and, in assisting her, I felt the touch of a soft white hand.

"By this time we had walked through the *Rue Mazarin*, *St. Germain*, *Ecole de Medicine*, and a few little alleys, when all at once she stopped short, and said she had lost her way. She said she lived in *Rue St. Severin*. I was puzzled, for I did not know where to find it myself. I saw a light in a brandy-shop in a cellar, and went down to ask the way, leaving her alone. When I came up, I heard voices speaking loud, and saw, by the dim light of a street lamp, that the girl was struggling with two gentlemen, one of whom had seized her hand, while the other had hold of her cloak; they were laughing and talking to her. I suspected what was going on, and pulled the cloak out of his grasp. She clung to my arm, sobbing and speechless. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you see you are mistaken. Let go the lady's cloak this moment!' 'Ah! excuse me, sir,' said the stranger, 'I see you have a prior right to the lady,' and they went off laughing. We walked on, and the poor girl clung to my arm as though she was afraid of falling down in the street. 'Courage, courage!' I said, 'St. Severin is only a little way off, and you'll soon be at home.' When we reached the street, she stopped short. 'No, sir, you must not go any farther with me,' said she. 'Why not, pray, since you have brought me so far with you already; I beg of you not to suspect me of an improper motive.' I had unconsciously taken her hand, and perhaps pressed it; she withdrew it hastily, and added, 'Forgive me my rudeness in bringing you so far out of your way. I beg of you, leave me now?' I understood that the advances of the strangers had wounded her deeply, and perhaps even made her suspicious of me, and this had a great effect upon me. I took out the silver I had from Faldner, and was going to hand it to her, but the thought of the trifling

aid this small sum would afford, made me withdraw my hand, and, I gave her what little gold I had about me. Her hand trembled as she took it: she seemed to suppose it was silver, thanked me in an unsteady but sweet voice, and was going away. 'Stop,' said I. 'I hope your mother will be better; but she may perhaps be in want of something, and, my girl, you are not the right person for such night excursions as this. Will you not be in front of the *Ecole de Medicine* this day week at the same hour, so that I can hear how your mother is?' She seemed to hesitate, but at last said 'Yes.' 'And put on that hat with the green veil, so that I may know you again.' She promised to do so, thanked me again, ran hastily up the street, and was lost in the darkness."

XVI.

"When I awoke the next morning my adventure seemed like a dream. But Faldner, who came soon, and began to rally me with his usual delicacy, removed all doubts. The thing seemed to me, when considered in the clear light of the morning, altogether too fabulous to be told to any sceptical friend. We have reached, now-a-days, a pitch of delicacy which borders closely on indelicacy; we had often rather seem wild and debauched, than singular or unused to the ways of the world. I was disturbed by some undefinable feeling, even more than by Faldner's jokes. I reproached myself for not having got a sight of her face, at any rate. 'Why this excessive delicacy?' I said to myself; 'really for a couple of Napoleons, it would not have been too much just to ask her to raise her veil for a moment.' And yet when I reflected on her whole deportment, simple as it was, was wholly free from vulgarity, I was forced, half unwillingly, to own that I did right. The voice alone is sufficient distinction between good-breeding and rudeness; and the sweet tones I had listened to must belong to a person of some education and refinement. I could not get rid of these thoughts all day long; and at night, when I visited a brilliant circle of ladies, I was accompanied in my mind by the poor beggar-girl in her black hat, green veil, and impenetrable cloak. The rest of the week I kept blaming myself for my folly, and yet indulging in it. It seemed as though the capital of the civilized world with all its attractions, had nothing worth noticing except the *Pont-des-Arts*. At last the Friday came. I used every stratagem to get rid of Faldner and the rest of my friends, and set out as soon as it was dark. It was an hour's walk, and I had time enough for reflection; and I determined to see her face at any rate, and to make my mind easy as to what to think of her. I had started off so early, that it was only ten when I reached the *Ecole de Medicine*, a full hour before my time. I stepped into a cafe, and tumbled over a file of newspapers; at last it struck eleven.

"There were few people about, and no green veil to be seen any where. Suppose she should not come, thought I, as I walked up and down for the tenth time. The half hour struck, and I began to grumble at my own folly, when I saw something green, under a lamp some thirty paces off. I hurried up—and it was she. 'Good evening,' said I, 'I am glad you are come, I

was afraid you would not keep your appointment.' She bowed low without taking my hand, and walked by my side. She seemed deeply moved. 'Sir, my noble-hearted countryman,' said she, 'I could not but keep my word, if only to thank you. Be assured it is not in order to make fresh demands on your benevolence. Oh, how richly, how generously you have treated us! Can a daughter's heart-felt thanks, can my sick mother's prayers and blessings be any return for it?' 'Don't say a word about it,' answered I; 'how is your mother?' 'I believe I may begin to hope again; the physician does not speak decidedly, but she feels stronger. Oh how much I thank you! Your liberal present enabled me to buy her strengthening food; and believe me, sir, the thought that such good men are still to be found in the world has done her almost as much service.' 'What did your mother say to you when you came home?' I inquired. 'She was very anxious, as it was so late; she had been very unwilling to let me go out, and was afraid of some mischief happening. I told her every thing; but when I untied my handkerchief and drew out the present you gave me, and there was gold among them—gold among the copper and silver—she was astonished, and—she stopped and seemed unable to go on. I could guess that her mother had suspected something wrong, and I put some more questions; but she answered, with touching frankness, 'that her mother said their generous countryman must be either a prince or an angel;' 'I am neither the one nor the other,' I replied; 'but how much have you left? any thing?' 'Oh yes,' said she confidently; but it did not escape me that she sighed unconsciously at the same time. 'How much is there left?' I asked, and more peremptorily. 'Oh, we paid our bill at the apothecary's, and a month's rent, and I bought something for mother to eat, and there is something left yet? How wretchedly they must live, thought I, when out of this trade they can pay for medicines and a month's rent, and buy food for a week! 'I want you to tell me exactly how much there is left,' I continued. 'Sir!' was her reply as she drew back a step. 'My good girl, you do not, or will not understand me. I ask you seriously what you expect to do when this little sum is gone? have you any prospect of assistance?' 'No, none?' was the sad answer. 'Think of your mother and do not reject my aid,' I added. I offered her my hand, and she pressed it to her heart gratefully. 'Come with me, then,' said I, 'I do not come straight from home, and am unluckily without money; be good enough to go a little way with me, and I will give you something for your mother.' She went with me in silence; and though I was pleased with the thought of having her with me, I felt almost hurt that she should go with me so readily by night to a gentleman's lodgings, but it was not so. After walking a few hundred paces she drew her arm out of mine. 'No, no, I must not, I cannot,' she cried bursting into tears. 'Why not, what is the matter?' asked I. 'I will not go further, I cannot go with you.' 'Upon my word,' I cried, with some anger, 'you really have very little confidence in me; if it was not for your mother I would quit you at once, for you insult me.' She

took my hand and pressed it fervently. 'Have I offended you! God knows I did not mean it. Pardon a poor ignorant girl. You are so generous, how could I think of offending you?' 'Come along, then,' I rejoined, 'we have no time to lose; it is late, and we are a good way off.' But she stopped short and said, 'No, nothing shall tempt me to go further.' 'What are you afraid of? there is no one here, you may go with me in safety.' But she only repeated, 'I beg you, for God's sake to leave me! I know very well that if I painted her mother's need in lively colors she would go with me, but I was moved at her suffering. 'Well then, stay,' I told her; 'but stop, do you understand needle-work?'

"Oh yes, sir," she said, drying her tears.

"Here is a white handkerchief, can you hem and mark half a dozen such for me?"

"She looked at it and answered, 'With pleasure, sir, and do it neatly too.'

"To my mortification I had to produce money, though I had pretended to have none about me.

"Here, buy six of them; can you have three ready by next Sunday?" She promised to do it, and I gave her something more for her mother. She thanked me warmly, and seemed to be pleased that I had given her work, for she kept chattering on about how neatly she would do the handkerchiefs and once she asked me if I would have a border *a l'Anglaise*. I said yes to every thing, but held her fast as she was leaving me. 'There is something else you must do to oblige me, you can do it, and that easily,' I remarked.

"And pray what is it? I will gladly do any thing for you," was her answer.

"Let me then lift that envious veil and see your face, that I may have some recollections of this night."

"She slipped aside and only held her veil tighter. 'Do not, I beg of you,' she said, seeming to struggle with herself at the time, 'you have the sweet remembrance of your bounty; my mother strictly forbade me to lift my veil, and besides, I assure you I am as ugly as darkness itself. I would only frighten you!'

"Her resistance only roused my curiosity still more; a really ugly woman I thought, would never say so of herself. I tried to catch her veil, but she slipped away like an eel, crying '*Dimanche a revoir*,' and was gone. She stopped some fifty yards off, waved my white handkerchief and said, 'Good night,' in her silvery voice."

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

OUR "FATEFUL"

BY "EMILIE."

[Concluded.]

MRS. TRACY WAS a handsome widow, on the sunny side of forty, in comparatively affluent circumstances, and superlatively vain and ambitious. It would be very difficult to say, which of her two children she idolized most. Edward, the eldest, was engaged in an extensive mercantile house at Baltimore, and Helen, our incorrigible Helen, was decidedly a "spilt child," as Sally emphatically observed. From being merely

clever at repartee, and naturally lively withal, she became under her mamma's management, an accomplished coquette, and the reigning belle, while her sense of the ridiculous was fostered with due care, and she was eventually called "the haughty Miss Tracy," with her almost startling brilliancy of expression and satire, and an aptness at retort and sarcasm which won for her the fear and dislike of some, and the admiration of all. In Mrs. Tracy's ambitious views for Helen, she invariably pointed out the importance of that *sine qua non*, an eligible establishment, and it was this motive in the outset, which induced her to look upon Raymond as a successful candidate in point of wealth and distinction. Helen entered into her mother's views, with a passiveness which ripened into a warmer sentiment, as their acquaintance proceeded to intimacy, and such is the singular effects of love, that the habitual haughty tone of light defiance, and almost too pointed wit, seemed hushed in the stillness of her bosom, as she listened to his musical voice, and gazed confidently in his face, with a gentleness which would not have discredited her retiring little cousin Ellen. Whatever was her demeanor to other admirers, she felt that the effects of her mother's injudicious system, were not for him, *he* would not appreciate—his proud mind would scorn such littleness. Raymond viewed matters calmly and correctly, he suspected that the influence of her mother was instrumental in producing certain little indiscretions of which she was occasionally guilty, and was convinced, could she be removed from the immediate vicinity, her natural good qualities and evident affection, would render her the beloved wife, while her beautiful person and accomplishments, would be the pride and ornament of his house. It was precisely with these sentiments that he repaired to Mrs. Tracy's mansion on the eventful evening which we have introduced above, and his reception, and consequent *adieu*, has also been seen.

We must carry the reader *per saltum* through the short period of fourteen months, during which, Mr. George Raymond neither went to Italy or France, nor the romantic Switzerland, and the Rhine, with its blue saucy waves foaming and dashing against the base of "huge time-honored castles," existed only in—the observations of others. A portion of the interesting period alluded to, was spent at New Orleans, and latterly in a delightful retreat not twenty miles from the mansion of the veritable Mrs. Tracy. To those who ask, "what was he doing there?" we would say that he preserved a strict incog. and attended to the light duties of his profession occasionally. More than this, we shall not intimate at present.

But to return to Helen. She told her mother the occasion of Raymond's *sans ceremonie* departure, without reserve, and as Sally anticipated, a tremendous burst of indignation was the result. What rendered her chagrin still more intolerable, she had whispered to a number of confidential friends, the brilliancy of Helen's prospects, with regard to "an establishment," and the certainty of their fulfillment. But upon calm reflection of the matter, her own heart told her that *she* was, or ought to be the censured one. Her demeanor

to her daughter became proportionably more kind, and the slightest symptom of Helen's fatal propensity, (which resolution, and "sad experience" had nearly extinguished,) created an answerable degree of anxiety, in her own bosom. Helen did not "weep loudly and long," like the heroines of old romance—her proud spirit could not brook the heartless inquiries incident to her case. But the proud beauty was humbled—thought-saddened reflection had done its ameliorating work, and many who had stood aloof either from fear or dislike, were drawn into the charmed circle of Friendship by her fascinating *quietness*, sad from its very sweetness, and the touching and never obtrusive *naivete*, which retained all its former brilliancy, without its personality.

But in the silence of the night, in the loneliness of her chamber, none might witness the small hands clasped in agony of endurance, till the life-current seemed almost lacerating through the taper fingers, or hear the suppressed sobs which shook her frame with convulsive tremors.

"Raymond, my dear fellow," said a very handsome *recherche* looking young man last week, to his companion, who was lounging over the "Review," in a splendid apartment of the U. S. Hotel, at Saratoga, "do you know that I think Mrs. Raymond much more beautiful with her pale cheeks, and almost spiritual expression of countenance, than she was two years ago, when her cheek was as round and ruddy as the sunny side of a peach, and her eyes were so wickedly roguish, that you never looked into their dark depths, without feeling uncomfortably apprehensive that she was laughing in her sleeve at you. Folks may talk of "rosy cheeks, out-blushing the rose-bud," but somehow or other I never could look upon a soft, deeply tinged cheek without associating it with a full grown beet, or some other specimen of nature, equally unparticular."

"That aversion is probably the occasion of your pressing Cousin Ellen's so often," said Raymond, laughingly, as he pulled his "d' Orsay" over his blue eyes, to conceal a burning blush, while he said, "Beg your pardon, I forgot that I was 'compromising my awful dignity,'—I meant to have said Mrs. Tracy, in conformity to the late *habeus corpus act*," and Raymond drew himself up to his full height, with such an evident allusion to "the memory of other days," that Tracy indulged himself in certainly a most unpoetical laugh.

"Raymond we are getting decidedly lazy," said Tracy, as he smoothed a very black pair of whiskers, to the tune of an Italian Opera, preparatory to descending to the ladies, where we shall leave them making themselves particularly agreeable, to unravel the thread of our story.

Raymond, from his secluded retreat, had carried on a somewhat curious system of *espionage*, which though not absolutely culpable, would have been inexcusable under any other circumstances.

"Uncle Clarkson's grand tour" remained in *stato quo*, and the broken heart which he proposed taking along with him to "la belle France," he found to his surprise was not even so *much* as cracked.

"Little Cousin Ellen," was indefatigable in forwarding to certain rascinating people, the progress of the surprising reformation—its consequences, and effects; which conduct would have been rather equivocal too, had she not been the orphan ward of his father, and an efficient assister of the reconciliation which eventually took place. We do not pretend to know whether her conduct arose merely from disinterested motives, or whether (with that curious, instinctive knowledge of futurity which women in general and young ladies in particular possess with regard to such matters,) she ascertained that the "wool of her destiny" was closely woven with the irresistible person and superior mind of Helen's brother. It appears most probable to us, that it was both, in connection with the idea of "Sister Helen," whom she now almost worshipped.

At any rate, Edward Tracy returned to his native city, where his mother strongly urged that he should take up his abode. Settling his affairs in Baltimore accordingly, he congratulated himself upon the brilliant *coterie* of ladies with whom he should become acquainted in course of time.

His imagination, or fancy, (we don't know which is the best term,) as he journeyed leisurely from Baltimore, often carried him back to a dim moonlight parlor in one of its principal streets, where a bewitching pair of blue eyes, would look through the venetian blinds at certain times and seasons, when there was a probability of another certain pair looking in the same direction.

He somehow or other, arrived at the conclusion after he had been home several weeks, that his *affaire d' coeur* and the moonlight parlor were merely a phantazy of the brain, especially as he discovered that he was minus his heart, (which he had verily believed was in the safe-keeping of the fair occupant of said parlor,) and that too to his Cousin Ellen, whom he left a timid shrinking girl, and had found a handsome *blonde*, and a sensible accomplished woman, with just enough coyness and reserve, to make her perfectly irresistible. Ellen "fought shy" for a while, but finding it no use to "ward off" destiny," she very considerably consented to become Mrs. Tracy, on condition that Mr. George Raymond and Helen Tracy would relinquish combatting the Fates too, and "become man and wife." The conversation between Tracy and Raymond, at the Springs, is sufficient to show that the "trick succeeded admirably."

Now we will venture the indifferent wing-quill with which we have indited the above, that some incredulous reader having in mind the old saw of "plain, unvarnished tales, &c." will accuse us of tinging our story *couleur d' Rose*. We cannot help it, and beg leave to say in extenuation, that if we have taken the *artiste's* privilege of coloring the natural hues, our culpability also comes under the *cuisine* department, of rendering it more palatable.

Chatham, June, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

It is *sweet*, yet melancholy to visit the resting-place of departed friends, and bedew the sod that covers the remains of those we love with the

tears of unfailing affection. It is even *pleasant* to linger around the chambers of the grave, and hold converse with the silent stillness of the tomb. It is *beautiful* thus in solemn silence to muse upon the frailty of human existence, while the warm sunbeams fall gently upon the crimson roses which affection has reared around the sepulchre of the departed, and while the soft winds breathe music above the dead.

T. C. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN CADWALADER.

JOHN CADWALADER, Brigadier-General in the American Army, a zealous and inflexible friend of America, was born in Philadelphia, 1742. He was distinguished for his intrepidity as a soldier, in upholding the cause of freedom, during the most discouraging periods of danger and misfortune, that America ever beheld.

At the dawn of the revolution, he commanded a corps of volunteers, designated as "*the silk stocking company*," of which nearly all the members were appointed to commissions in the line of the army. He afterwards was appointed colonel of one of the city battalions, and being thence promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, was entrusted with the command of the Pennsylvania troops, in the important operations of the winter campaign of 1776 and 1777. He acted with his command, as a volunteer, in the actions of Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, and on other occasions, and received the thanks of General Washington, whose confidence and regard he uniformly enjoyed.

The merits and services of General Cadwalader, induced congress, early in 1778, to compliment him by an unanimous vote, with the appointment of general of cavalry; which appointment he declined under an impression that he could be more useful to his country, in the sphere in which he had been acting.

He was strongly and ardently attached to General Washington, and his celebrated duel with General Conway arose from his spirited opposition to the intrigues of that officer, to undermine the standing of the commander-in-chief. The following anecdote of the rencounter, is related in the "*Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War*:"—

"The particulars of this duel, originating in the honorable feelings of General Cadwalader, indignant at the attempt of his adversary to injure the reputation of the commander-in-chief, by representing him as unqualified for the exalted station which he held, appears worthy of record. Nor ought the coolness observed on the occasion, by the parties, to be forgotten, as it evinces very strongly, that although imperious circumstances may compel men of nice feeling to meet, that the dictates of honor may be satisfied, without the smallest deviation from the most rigid rules of politeness. When arrived at the appointed rendezvous, General Cadwalader, accompanied by Gen. Dickenson, of Pennsylvania, General Conway by Col. Morgan, of Princeton, it was agreed upon by the seconds, that, on the word being given, the principals might fire in their own time, and at discretion, either by an off-hand shot, or by taking a deliberate aim. The parties having declared

themselves ready, the word was given to proceed. General Conway immediately raised his pistol, and fired with great composure, but without effect. General Cadwalader was about to do so, when a sudden gust of wind occurring, he kept his pistol down and remained tranquil. "Why do you not fire, General Cadwalader?" exclaimed Conway. "Because," replied General Cadwalader, "we came not here to trifle. Let the gale pass, and I shall act my part." "You shall have a fair chance of performing it well," rejoined Conway, and immediately presented a full front. General Cadwalader fired, and his ball entering the mouth of his antagonist, he fell directly forward on his face. Colonel Morgan running to his assistance, found the blood spouting from behind his neck, and lifting up the club of his hair, saw the ball drop from it. It had passed through his head greatly to the derangement of his tongue and teeth, but did not inflict a mortal wound. As soon as the blood was sufficiently washed away to allow him to speak, General Conway, turning to his opponent, said, good humoredly, "You fire, General, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect." The parties then parted, free from all resentment.

This patriotic and exemplary man died February 10th, 1786. In his private life he exemplified all the virtues that ennoble the character of man. His conduct was not marked with the least degree of malevolence, or party spirit. Those who honestly differed from him in opinion, he always treated with singular tenderness. In sociability, and cheerfulness of temper, honesty and goodness of heart, independence of spirit and warmth of his friendship he had no superior. Never did any man die more lamented by his friends and neighbors; to his family and relations, his death was a stroke still more severe.

MISCELLANY.

MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

GOVERNOR WENTWORTH had, it seems, married a very pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gaiety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or in dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her grey-haired husband. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The Governor, who was a quiet, sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could bear it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before 12 o'clock, she should not be admitted to the house.

The lady laughed at her spouse, as pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases; and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past 2 in the morning. The Governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the ponderous clang for admittance; but he did not stir. The

lady then bade her servant try the windows; but this the Governor had foreseen; they were all secured. Determined not to be out generalled, she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man. This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. "Let me into the house, sir!" sharply demanded the wife. The Governor was immovable and very ungallantly declared she should remain without all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened; but it was all in vain. At length, becoming frantic at his imperturbable obstinacy, she declared that, unless she was admitted at once, she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that he was the cause of her death. The Governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure; and shutting the window he retired again to bed.

The *Governess* now instructed her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and to throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good Governor, notwithstanding all his decision and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water side—the expostulations of the servants—the plunge and the screams; and knowing his wife to be very rash in her moments of vexations, and really loving her most tenderly, he no longer doubted the reality.

"Good God! is it possible!" said he; and springing from his bed, he ran to the door with nothing about him save his *robe de nuit*, and crying out "save her, you rascals! leap in, and save your mistress!" made for the lake. In the mean time his wife hastened in doors, locked and made all fast, and shortly afterward appeared at the window, from which he had addressed her. The Governor discovered the *ruse*, but it was too late; and he became in his turn the expostulator. It was all in vain, however; the fair lady bade him a pleasant good night, and shutting the window, retired to bed, leaving the little man to shift for himself, as best he might, until morning. Whether the Governor forgave his fair lady, tradition does not say; but it is reasonable to presume that he never again interfered with the hours she might choose to keep.—*Knickerbocker*.

A GOOD, AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS.

WE heard a story the other day which amused us not a little, and one we consider too good to be lost. A few weeks since a person of respectable exterior and gentlemanly deportment made his appearance in a little village not a thousand miles from New Haven, where the inhabitants are somewhat proverbial for keeping a closer eye to their neighbor's affairs than to their own.—The stranger took lodgings at the village inn, and having no visible employment to perplex or disturb him, his time passed off, apparently quite agreeably to himself, but much to the disquiet of the neighborhood. Curiosity, that ever restless

tormentor of the village, was all agog to learn the stranger's business and means of support, and many where the wise guesses and sage surmises as to both, until a pretty general consultation and thorough canvassing of the pros and cons, by the board of gossips, it was concluded that he had neither, and that he would eventually leave the landlord with an uncanceled score as a token of remembrance.

At length, one of the most inveterate of the meddlers resolved in his own mind to broach the subject to the stranger, and thus by performing an act of kindness for his neighbor, unsolicited—whose easy nature he was certain was being imposed upon—he would have an opportunity to satisfy himself as to the stranger's real character.

He accordingly introduced himself, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, stranger, you have been in these parts considerable time, I reckon?"

The stranger nodded assent.

"Pretty dear traveling now; costs you a good deal to live at the tavern, I guess."

Another nod.

"Must have some business to pay, pretty good business, eh?"

"Yes sir, you are correct there; I have business—and it is good business—excellent business."

"Thought so, how much might it bring a month?"

"Forty dollars, sir."

"Forty dollars a month! well, 'tis good business any how that pays you *that*. What is it, if I may be so bold?"

"Not bold at all, sir—I take pleasure in informing you. You must know, in the first place, I make twenty dollars a month simply by *mind-ing my own business*, and again I make twenty dollars by letting other people's alone!"

AN AMERICAN REPLY.—Two strangers recently visited Bunker Hill, and ascended to the top of the Monument. After they had asked a number of questions, which the superintendent answered them very politely, he told them it was customary to pay a small sum for ascending the monument. At this they were highly indignant, and said they thought it a free country, and this place should be free to all—they would not be gulled by a Yankee! and *Englishmen* ought to be allowed to go free to such places, &c. The superintendent bowed very politely, and said "I wish that you had mentioned that you were *Englishmen* before, for they are the only persons that we admit free; considering that they paid dear enough for ascending this hill on the 17th of June, 1775."

MOUSE STORY.—A Cincinnati paper tells the following: "A friend informs us that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his wife's pantry, was the other day traced to his nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little 'responsibilities.' The parent rogue was arrested, and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old bible was found on which the following words were distinctly visible: 'Thou shalt not steal.' What a hypocrite!"

Too Slow.—A worthy man died, leaving a rich and beautiful widow; the clergyman of the parish, a widower, accompanied her home from the grave and spoke in condoling tones of the loss she was bewailing. The clergyman being a kind and tender hearted man, told her, by way of consolation, that her loss was not irreparable, and intimated to her, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he should be happy at a proper time to marry her. To which the widow replied, "Oh, my dear sir, you are too late; the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

EXTRAVAGANT EXPENDITURE.—A gentleman, well known for his parsimonious habits, having billeted himself on his acquaintances in Edinburgh during the royal visit, was talking to a friend on his return, of the great expense of living:—"How much do you suppose I spent in Edinburgh?" "I do not know," replied his friend, "I should suppose about a fortnight."

A CABIN boy on board a ship, the Captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went trembling and crying, and said to the Captain. "Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers before you whip me?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll never say um!"

"O DEAR!" blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from the application of the birch. "O my! they tell me about 40 rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story that. Let um get such a plaugy lickin as I've had, and they'll find out that *one rod makes an acher!*"

USEFUL RECIPES.

BLUE INK.—Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in a pint of water. In a part of this gum-water, grind a small quantity of Prussian blue; you may thus bring it to any depth of color you choose. Indigo will answer this purpose very well, but is not so fine a color, nor will it remain suspended so uniformly in the water.

INDIAN BATTER CAKES.—Put the butter into the first pint of milk, and warm it in a saucepan. When it is scalding hot, have ready in a pan, the Indian meal and flour (well mixed together) and pour the milk upon them. Stir it well, and then thin it with a pint of cold milk. Beat it till perfectly smooth, and free from lumps. Have ready three eggs beaten till light, stir them gradually into the batter, adding the salt. Bake the cakes on a griddle, and butter them hot.

SPITTING BLOOD.—Take 3 spoonfuls of sage juice in a little honey. This presently stops either spitting or vomiting blood.

AN EXCELLENT EYE WATER.—Boil very lightly one spoonful of white vitriol, and three spoonfuls of white salt, in three parts of spring water.

A SORE THROAT.—Take a pint of cold water, lying down in bed, or apply a flannel sprinkled with spirits of hartshorn to the throat, or stuff a little honey up the nose.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. P. Fayetteville, Vt. \$1.00; S. D. Palmira, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; E. M. Westerloo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$7.00; S. C. F. Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$2.00; S. B. Persia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Meriden, Ct. \$5.00; S. J. F. Chestertown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. K. West Carlton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. L. Scottsville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. T. Williamsburg, Ms. \$2.00; C. R. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. K. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; L. R. Fort Ann, N. Y. \$1.00; R. G. Bovina, N. Y. \$1.00; R. F. H. Hobart, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. W. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; O. V. V. Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; E. K. Dewitt, N. Y. \$5.00; E. A. Columbus, N. Y. \$1.00; M. D. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. T. East Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Rupert, Vt. \$2.00; E. B. H. Dudley, Ms. \$1.00; M. S. Brownsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P.

M. Cambridge, Vt. \$3.00; F. A. R. Bethel, Vt. \$6.00; J. B. K. Wynant's Kill, N. Y. \$12.00; A. S. R. Waterbury, Vt. \$5.35; C. C. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$2.00; M. D. Patch Grove, W. T. \$1.00; L. D. H. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$2.00; H. B. Clarendon, Vt. \$2.00; A. C. B. Marengo, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. Masonville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. C. Franklinton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Waitsfield, Vt. \$10.00; M. G. Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Clinton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$2.00; D. E. V. V. Stockport, N. Y. \$10.00; I. S. H. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; F. B. Northville, Ct. \$1.00; O. R. B. Stearnsville, Ms. \$16.00; W. W. L. Pottersville, N. J. \$1.00; S. P. T. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; G. W. S. West Carlton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Berkshire, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. D. Marshall, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. D. South Cameron, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dalton, Ms. \$10.00; T. N. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Verbank, N. Y. \$1.00; T. P. R. Chautaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. B. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. M. Shelburne Falls, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Stowe, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. Friendship, Pa. \$2.00; W. L. R. Bennington, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Fast Constable, N. Y. \$5.00; N. C. Garrettsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Franconia, N. H. \$2.00; W. A. R. Marion, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. C. Kirkland, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; L. P. Hopkinton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; L. J. P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. New Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; G. F. Oakhill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Huntersland, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. D. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Bullville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. S. Derby, Ct. \$1.00; N. G. Moresville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. A. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Union Square, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Griegsville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. P. Chesterfield, N. H. \$1.00; J. N. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; J. D. Pontiac, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Richmond, Vt. \$7.00; P. M. North Norwich, N. Y. \$3.00; L. S. Hillsborough, N. H. \$1.00; C. D. P. Upper Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Potsdam, N. Y. \$4.00; T. C. B. Newbury, Vt. \$1.00; M. O. Beaufort, S. C. \$1.00; O. A. Woodlawn, N. C. \$1.00; S. R. Peckskill, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Colt's Neck, N. J. \$1.00; S. H. Conway, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Bradford, Vt. \$5.00; S. W. Plainfield, N. H. \$1.00; C. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; N. H. G. Harford, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Adams, Ms. \$1.00; J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$32.00; W. G. T. Athens, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$6.00; H. C. T. Wendell Centre, Ms. \$1.35; O. C. North Gage, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. V. Leonard's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. N. B. Canaan Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. H. Swanzey, N. H. \$2.00; A. W. R. Windham Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. New-York, \$1.00; E. S. T. Detroit, Mich. \$1.00; E. T. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. M. Edgefield, C. H. S. C. \$5.00; W. S. Howard, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. S. Sutton, Ms. \$1.00; A. N. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; B. B. B. Hoosick 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. C. Locke, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Berkshire, Vt. \$1.00; J. S. B. Plymouth, Vt. \$1.00; D. D. Royalton, Vt. \$1.00; T. H. H. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. K. Athol, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Preble, N. Y. \$3.00; A. C. C. Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Java Village, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Limerick, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; L. R. M. South Edwards, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Dummerston, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. Moriah, N. Y. \$2.00; S. V. R. T. Fort Covington, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Orr, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$5.00; L. B. W. Alma, Me. \$1.00; O. S. Alfred, N. Y. \$10.00; S. B. B. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; N. B. G. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Fredonia, N. Y. \$10.00; C. H. B. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. F. Sherwood, Mich. \$1.00; J. C. Lamolleville, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Antwerp, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Ellettsville, Ga. \$1.00; H. P. W. Calais, Me. \$12.00; E. O. E. Mt. Vernon, O. \$1.00; C. S. Redhook, N. Y. \$3.00; E. W. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Scotchtown, N. Y. \$2.00; C. S. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. P. Andover, Ct. \$1.00; P. P. R. Gallatinville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$2.00; L. H. Alder Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Kingsboro' N. Y. \$5.00; J. G. Union Springs, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. West Chazy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. R. Catskill, N. Y. \$1.00; A. L. State Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. McIndoe's Falls, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. St. Johnsbury, Vt. \$5.00; F. J. C. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; T. S. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. East Dorset, Vt. \$5.00; E. B. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Bennington, Vt. \$5.00; G. E. F. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. W. Warwick, N. Y. \$1.00; N. I. L. F. New Paltz, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; D. E. V. V. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. W. Unadilla, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Smithville, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married.

In this city, on the 21st ult. by William E. Heath, Esq. Mr. George F. Morgan, of Hunter, Greene County, to Miss Betsey Carl, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. Otis Wardwell to Mrs. Theodosia Cadwell, both of Pittsfield, Mass.

At Athens, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crandell, Mr. Nelson Egerton to Miss Catharine M. Ten Broeck, both of this city.

At Niles, Michigan, by the Rev. N. M. Wells. Mr. Alphonzo Wilson to Miss Lucy M. daughter of Austin Stocking, Esq. formerly of this city.

Died.

In this city, on the 19th ult. Bridget, daughter of Mr. Thomas Shans, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 21st ult. Lyman, son of Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, in the 7th year of his age.

At New Windsor, Orange Co. N. Y. Mrs. Lucy Ann Smith, daughter of Mr. Moses Derby, formerly of this city, in the 25th year of her age.

In Charleston, on the 4th ult. Sarah, wife of Edward Gamage, Esq.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
TO MY MOTHER.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

THrice hallowed name! upon the scroll of feeling
In golden letters written, and imprest;
With every hour thy form before me stealing,
Lights up my soul, and soothes this troubled breast,
In the gay world, or in the closet kneeling,
Thy presence is to me a calm revealing
Of that pure love, which smothers all the rest;
Of earthly love the purest and the best.

I think of the young days when bending o'er me,
Thou watched the cradle where I helpless lay;
And for my very weakness would adore me
(O, were I happy now, as on that childhood's day)
And as I gathered strength marked out the way
before me,
Or bade me rest, when toilsome labor wore me;
I think of those, those loved times passed away,
Whose memory will with thine, forever stay.

Is there a love, all other loves excelling,
I give it up as homage at thy shrine;
Because I know if God had deigned a dwelling
In this poor world, 'tis in that heart of thine,
Whose only impulse is true love, impelling
To good deeds, and fancy has been telling
If ever spirits in clay temples shine,
'The life that warms my Mother is divine.

Dear Mother! now while manhood's cares are
teeming,
And every day some added burden brings;
With brighter lustre every moment gleaming,
I feel thy presence like a spirit's wings,
And oft in wildness of my fancy dreaming
I see thine eyes above me, fondly beaming,
And I am happy! I forget the stings,
That wound my heart, in these imaginings.

Dear Mother, wheresoe'er I'm straying,
Though near or distant I at times may be;
Alike thy presence, or thy memory swaying,
Through storm or calm shall always compass me,
And when with age the haunts of youth surveying,
I chide the time that chides my own delaying,
Each scene, each wreck, each relic on life's sea,
Will lead my soul to fondly think of thee.

Comstock's Landing, N. Y. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.
THE MAIDEN'S SONG AT EVEN.
BY "EMILLIE."

SHE stood amid the brilliant halls of Fashion.
Dark eyes were there, shaming the young gazelle's,
And fairy forms moved in the giddy waltz, to sweet
voluptuous
Music. Pale haughty brows, on whose high throne
"Nature had
Set her seal of intellect," were flushed as melting
words,
And look intense conveyed the subtle heart's deep
language
To its kindred heart. And silvery voices mingled
in sweet cadence
With the hushed tones of earnest passion. Here
the capricious gloriéd

In her charms, and num'ber of admirers, who, as one
more loftily
Advanced, were bowed politely to some other fair.
There sat the gay coquette with practiced wiles
gathering
Her magic chain still closer round her victims, till
Time
Should throw the links all crushed and broken to
the winds.
The antiquated too was there, blushing "celestial
rosy red,
Love's proper hue," through good substantial coats
of rouge,
Which glowed unnaturally bright, amid the glare
of lights.
These sights, these sounds, came with a sickening
force upon
The heart of a pale young beauty. Sheltered by
gorgeous
Drapery, which in its crimson folds almost con-
cealed her
Velvet cheek, and dallied with her tresses, she lis-
tened to
The sounds of revelry, as one whose spirit's wrapt
In a dim troubled dream, which ever and anon's
disturbed
By fitful shadows. A saddening wing swept o'er
her spirit,
And like the wind-harp tones that mem'ry wakes
In gentle bosoms, went forth her heart's deep incense
On the evening breeze, half sigh, half song.

They wreath the rose in my raven hair,
And lavish the diamond bright,
And they call me the "fairest of the fair,"
In the dazzling halls to-night,
And many there are who envy me,
At Fashion's heartless shrine,
Ah! little their restless souls can see,
The blight that's withering mine.
They speak to me in accents bland,
But my heart is coldly mute,
And my thoughts are away in a sunny land,
With him of the song and lute,
That voice whose sigh was all my own,
Now breathes in others ears,
And the lute, my lute with its thrilling tone,
Another favorite hears.

I have wove a smile for my aching brow,
And maiden pride shall borrow,
The haughty tone which I feel e'en now,
But ill conceals real sorrow;
He shall never know that Ellen grieved,
Or his name was her latest sigh,
And sweetly when breezes have scattered the leaves,
Will the fading floweret die.

Again there's music in those princely halls, and
Beauty
Reigns triumphant. But all eyes are turned upon
a noble pair,
Who mid the dazzling brilliancy of lights, and
thronging crowds
Are standing side by side. The "white robed
priest" is there,
The ring is given, the magic words pronounced,
and Ellen
Is a bride. And who's the lover? Is it he, the
faithless?
Even so. He'd been a wanderer on the world's
wide waste,
(The only true Zahara,) but not in the false capri-
cious light she deemed.
His restless soul soared to new scenes, his ardent
mind sought some

New theme wherein to be absorbed. But ever amid
its desert bitterness
Came glimpses of his loved childhood's home, and
rosy hours
Spent in the calm, sweet twilight of a mother's love.
His sick heart yearned for the bright well-spring
that gushed
A living fountain, for him, the faithless. He'd
found the mirage,
Where he sought the green oasis, and flatteringly
he turned to
His own loved land of beauty; and deep regret and
tender
Penitence, were like the dews of Heaven to the
fainting flower,
Whose spirit of perfume had well nigh fled forever,
It waves again in beauty 'neath a fostering hand,
and lute
And song again weave their rich spell of other days,
Full of saddened tenderness. Ah! there are many
faithless ones
On this fair earth, who pause to gather incense from
each opening flower,
Pure as an angel's prayer, then leave the young
buds withering
'Neath the blight, when they should have been
gathered
To the bosom. 'Tis ever thus, when Woman puts
her trust in
"Erring man," and "gives unto the creature, what
should be
Given to the Creator." She freights the bark of
Love
With Hope, while Constancy sits smiling at the helm
And when the azure tint of waves has changed
'Neath the stern touch of the dark storm-spirit, and
the
Buoyant bark lies low "a shapeless wreck." She
mourns in silence
O'er the loved lost Hopes, and meekly bows her
spirit to the
Will of Heaven.
Chatham, N. Y. 1841.

From the Ladies' Book.
SONG.

Oh! say not that the heart is cold
Because no smile illumines the face,
And deem not, in its depths untold,
That fond affection leaves no trace.

The gem upon the waters thrown,
Rests not upon its faithless breast,
But sinks and finds in depths unknown,
A brighter and a surer rest.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY
WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite
Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales,
Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches,
Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes,
Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. &c. It will be published
every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, embellished
with numerous Engravings, and will contain twenty-six
numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index
to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, INvariably in
ADVANCE. Persons remitting us Five Dollars, free of
postage, shall receive SIX Copies, and those remitting us
Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive THIRTEEN
Copies, or TWELVE Copies of this volume and one copy
of either the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th or 17th volumes. THIRTY
Copies mailed to one address for Twenty Dollars, sent to
us in one remittance, free of postage.

No subscription received for less than one year. All
the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the
year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.
All Communications must be post paid.

POST MASTERS will send money for Subscribers
to this paper, free of any expense.